lo. 27 JUNE, 1938

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NEW ADVENTURE COMICS

The International Picture Story Magazine

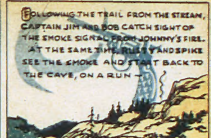
VINCENT A. SULLIVAN
Editor

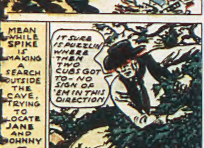
NEW ADVENTURE COMICS, published monthly by Detective Comics, Inc., 420 De Soto Ave., St. Louis, Mo., Editorial Offices 480 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. Entered as second class matter at Post-Office, St. Louis, Mo. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: 12 issues by mail in the United States, its possessions, and Mexico, South America and Spain, $1.50; elsewhere, $2.00. Publication not responsible for unsolicited material. Entire contents copyright 1938 by Detective Comics, Inc. For Advertising rates, address:

GILMAN, NICOLL & RUTHMAN, 19 West 44th St., N. Y.
Branches—Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Seattle

CAPTAIN JIM of The TEXAS RANGERS

BY A. FLEMING


FOLLOWING THE TRAIL FROM THE STREAM, CAPTAIN JIM AND BOB CATCH SIGHT OF THE SMOKE SIGNAL FROM JOHNNY'S FIRE. AT THE SAME TIME, SILENT AND SPIKE SEE THE SMOKE AND START BACK TO THE CAVE, ON A RUN.


MEAN WHILE SPIKE IS MAKING A SEARCH OUTSIDE THE CAVE, TRYING TO COAX JANE AND JOHNNY—
IT DOES IT MATTER WHERE THEM TWO CUSS'S GOT TO—NO SIGN OF 'EM IN THIS DIRECTION!

MEANWHILE CAPTAIN JIM AND BOB MAKE THEIR WAY IN THE DIRECTION OF THE SMOKE, USING WHATEVER COVER THEY CAN FIND
SEEMS TO ME THEY'RE SHOWING MIGHTY CARELESS MAKING A FIRE LIKE THAT —
BOB, I DON'T SEE THAT SMOKE ANY MORE! I WONDER IF THOSE COYOTE HAVE SPOTTED US —
WHILE CAPTAIN JIM AND BOB ARE COMING TOWARD THE HIDE-OUT, RUSTY CATCHES A GLIMPSE OF THEM THROUGH THE FOLIAGE.
CONFOUND 'EM IF THEY FIND OUR HIDE-OUT CAVE AND GET AWAY THERE'LL BE A POSSE OUT HERE IN NO TIME
I'LL CUT AROUND IN BACK OF 'EM —
I'VE GOT AN IDEA THOSE TWO BUZZARDS ARE JUST ASKING FOR LEAD. I'LL SEND 'EM A LITTLE HOT LEAD
THEY'RE OUT OF PISTOL RANGE. I'LL USE THE RIFLE —
DOWN BELOW CAPTAIN JIM RISES FROM HIS CROUCHING POSITION TO GAIN A BETTER VIEW ABOVE — SUDDENLY, THERE! THE CRACK OF A RIFLE — A BULLET CLIPS A TWIG FROM A BRANCH, AN INCH FROM HIS HEAD.
THAT WAS CLOSE, BOB! I WASN'T LOOKIN' FOR ANYTHING IN THAT DIRECTION
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MEAN WHILE, JANE IS HIDING IN A HOVEL AMONG THE ROCKS! WHILE, JOHNNY IS KEEPING WATCH OUTSIDE.
LISTEN JANE! I THINK I HEAR THE OUTLAWS COMING AFTER US!
OH, HURRY! COME UNDER HERE!
GW, HERE I COME— I WONDER IF THEY KNOW ABOUT MY PLACE!!

GEE, JANE, IT'S SPIKE! HE'S SEARCHING AMONG THE ROCKS AND IS HEADING THIS WAY!!
IF I ONLY HAD A GUN, I'D GIVE HIM A WARM RECEPTION— I MUST FIND SOMETHING!
HERE'S SOMETHING I CAN USE!
JUST LET HIM PUT HIS HEAD THROUGH THAT ENTRANCE— HE'LL GET HIS, AS I HEAD AT! I CAN SWING IT!
ARMED WITH A HEAVY STICK OF WOOD, JOHNNY AWAITS THE APPROACH OF THE OUTLAW. DETERMINED TO RESIST HIS EFFORTS TO RECAPTURE THEM TO THE UTMOST—
CONTINUED

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SILVER KING

FEDERAL MEN
by SIEGEL & SHUSTER
SCRIB... THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK... A TOTAL STRANGER HANDS A CHECK TO THE TELLER AT A WINDOW...
I'M SORRY, SIR, BEFORE I CASH THIS CHECK, YOU'LL HAVE TO ESTABLISH YOUR IDENTITY WITH MR. BURNS, OUR MANAGER.
DEPOSITS
LEAD ME TO 'IM!
WHEN THE STRANGER IS ALONE WITH MR. BURNS --
I'M AFRAID I CAN'T PERMIT YOU TO WITHDRAW ANY MONEY. IT'S AGAINST OUR POLICY TO...
FORGET TH' MONEY! IT'S YOU THAT'S LEAVIN' HERE WITH ME!
YOU CAN'T DO THIS! I'LL --!
CAN TH' CHATTER! YOU'RE GOIN' OUT OF TH' BANK ALONGSIDE ME. TRY ANY TRICKS AND I'LL EXERCISE MY TRIGGER-FINGER!
AT THE BANK'S ENTRANCE...
LEAVING QUITE SOON, AREN'T YOU, MR. BURNS? -- BUT YOU NEEDN'T WORRY. I'LL KEEP MY EYES OPEN AND SEE THAT THERE'S NO FUNNY BUSINESS AROUND HERE!
MR. BURNS AN' I ARE GOIN' FOR A SPIN IN TH' PARK, GUARD -- BETTER KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED, BUDDY. THERE'S LOTS DESPERATE CHARACTERS RUNNIN' LOOSE THESE DAYS
GET IN!

LATE THAT EVENING -- MRS. BURNS TELEPHONES THE BANK . . .
WILL YOU PLEASE TELL THAT HUSBAND OF MINE, OUR DINNER IS GROWING COLD!
MR. BURNS HASN'T BEEN IN SINCE HE LEFT THIS AFTERNOON.
I'LL CERTAINLY TELL HIM A THING OR TWO WHEN HE GETS HOME!
BEG PARDON, MADAM. THIS SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER FOR YOU JUST ARRIVED!
IF YOU WANT TO SEE YOUR HUSBAND AGAIN, ALIVE, DRAW $50,000 FROM THE BANK AND WAIT FOR OUR NEXT INSTRUCTIONS. "THE COBRA!"
LATER, A FRANTIC MESSAGE IS RELAYED TO THE HEAD OF THE F.B.I.
REST ASSURED, MRS. BURNS, THAT WE WILL IMMEDIATELY BEGIN AN EFFORT TO RESCUE YOUR HUSBAND AND SEE TO IT THAT HIS ABDUCTORS ARE PUNISHED!
A FEW MINUTES AFTERWARD
I'VE A NEW ASSIGNMENT FOR YOU, STEVE! -- A KIDNAPPING CASE
THANKS, CHIEF! KIDNAPPERS ARE MY FAVORITE HATE! -- LET'S HAVE THE DETAILS.
HALF AN HOUR LATER, A SWIFT PLANE, BEARING STEVE CARSON, WINGS SWIFTLY TOWARD NEW YORK. -- THE FEDERAL MEN ARE SPRINGING INTO ACTION . . . .

WHEN STEVE REACHES MRS. BURNS' RESIDENCE . . .
OF COURSE I'M WILLING TO CO-OPERATE IN EVERY WAY! WHY DO YOU EVEN ASK?
GOOD! THEN LET ME MAKE A COPY OF YOUR FINGERPRINTS
WHAT?— IS THAT HOW YOU HELP A FRANTIC WOMAN WHOSE HUSBAND HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED? BY TAKING HER FINGERPRINTS?
CALM DOWN,— YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND —HERE, EXAMINING THE LETTER FOR FINGERPRINTS AND DON'T WANT TO CONFUSE YOURS WITH THE CRIMINAL'S!
LATER — —
'YEAH' I RECALL NOW THAT GUY LODGE! HE WAS TALL— NO, WAIT— HE WAS SHORT! HE HAD A VERY PLAIN FACE AND— AH, I DON'T REMEMBER!
A FINE HELP YOU ARE!
STEVE RECEIVES DISAPPOINTING NEWS FROM THE FINGERPRINT EXPERT. . .
WELL?—FIND ANY PRINTS?
NOTHING AT ALL! THESE KIDNAPERS AREN'T AMATEURS!
STEVE RETURNS TO THE BURNS' HOME TO FIND . . .
DO YOU MEAN TO SAY MRS. BURNS IS GONE? — BUT I LEFT SPECIFIC INSTRUCTIONS FOR HER NOT TO LEAVE THIS HOUSE!
NEVERTHELESS, SIR, SHE IS GONE.
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I'M SORRY YOU MUST BE LEAVING!
BUT I'M NOT LEAVING... YOU'VE ANSWERED A FEW MORE QUESTIONS!
YOURS HOLDING BACK SOMETHING! — TELL ME, OR I'LL SMASH THAT NOSE OF YOURS FLATTER THAN A PANCAKE!
DON'T HIT ME! — I'LL TELL YOU! — BUT I'LL BE ONLY DOING HER INSTRUCTIONS IN KEEPING SILENT!
COME TO THE POINT!
SHE RECEIVED ANOTHER SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER!
QUICKLY, STEVE PHONES THE BANK...
YOU SAY MRS. BURNS WITHDREW $150,000? WHEW! THAT'S A LOT OF MONEY FOR JUST A SHOPPING TRIP!
I KNOW YOUR SNOOPING, PRYING KIND... WHAT DID THAT LETTER SAY?
DON'T LET HER KNOW I READ THE LETTER — IT ASKED HER TO BRING THE MONEY TO 422 STATE STREET!
AFTER STEVE DASHES FROM THE HOUSE
LISTEN, "COBRA"! — STEVE DAWSON'S ON HIS WAY OVER. WHAT WILL YOU DO?
THE — COBRA — WILL — STRIKE!
CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE

THE GOLDEN DRAGON

by - Tom Hickey.

Synopsis

Following their victorious skirmish with the band of Mongols, Ian Murray and his gay little band retturned to the monastery. In the monastery, they were holding prisoner, a fat, richly dressed, strangely sinister Chinese. Ian inquired of Pan Chi-Lou his Chinese ally who the prisoner was. Pan Chi-Lou gravely replied "A very distinguished and most valuable prisoner, I assure you Mr. Murray. - No other, than the Ja-Lama himself!"

Pan Chi-Lou smiled at the amazement in Ian's face, and at the yelps of delight from Kelly and Campbell..

But the Ja-Lama attacked us, captured you and Miss Wills and myself — I don't understand. I hardly thought his hand would be against us, too, as well as the priesthood of the Golden Dragon..

Pan Chi-Lou nodded his head sagely, but said nothing.

What did the Ja-Lama want with you?

He wanted to kill me..

What has his grudge against you?

It's a grudge of long standing.

And with that enigmatic answer, Ian had to be content.

Well, let's join the rest of the group. I want to see if I can get any helpful information out of the Mongol prisoners.

THREE OF THE COSSACKS STOOD GUARD OVER THE MONGOL PRISONERS WHO SQUATTED ON THE GROUND, AWAITING WITH TRUE ORIENTAL FATALISM WHAT EVER FATE SHOULD BEFALL THEM.
PAN CHI-LOU! ASK THESE FELLOWS WHO SHOT THEM ON US.
PAN CHI-LOU BEGAN INTERROGATING THEM GOWERN. THE PRISONERS REPLIED IN MONOSYLLABLES, ALL EXCEPT ONE STRICKEN LITTLE OLD MAN WHO SEEMED FAR TOO OLD TO BE OUT ON FOOTWYS. HE GREW QUITE GARRULOUS ALTHOUGH HIS FELLOWS TRIED TO STILL HIS FLOOD OF WORDS.
THIS ONE SAYS THAT THEY WERE HIRED BY A PALE-FACED MAN WITH EVIL EYES WHO GAVE THEM MUCH GOLD.
THAT WOULD BE THE SAME MAN WHO TRIED TO MURDER WAH THE CAT, FOR STOLE THE TEMPLE OF THE LADIES FROM OFF THE TROPHY THE TROPHY THE GOLDEN DRAGON PRIEST.
THIS OLD MAN IS VERY ANGRY FOR HE WAS PROMISED PLENTY OF LOOT WITH VERY LITTLE FIGHTING.
EACH ONE OF THE MONGOLS RECEIVED FIVE PIECES OF GOLD IN ADVANCE AND IS TO RECEIVE FIVE MORE PIECES A SUCCESSFUL ATTACK COMES. THE ATTACK WAS TO TAKE PLACE ABOUT THIS HOUR, THAT IS ALL HE KNOWS.
THAT'S ENOUGH. ASK HIM WHERE THEY WERE TO MEET THE GOLDEN DRAGON FELLOW WHEN THE FIGHT WAS FINISHED.

BEFORE THE OLD MAN COULD ANSWER, ANOTHER MONGOL LEAPED AT HIM WITH A FLASHING KNIFE.

THERE WASN'T A SECOND TO LOSE. IAN WHIPPED OUT HIS GUN AND FIRED AT THE LUNGING CHINESE.

HIS AIM WAS PERFECT. THE SHOT HIT THE MONGOL IN THE ARM. HE DROPPED THE KNIFE AND YELLED IN PAIN.

AH, AH!

THERE'S A LOT MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM! I WANT YOU TO UNDERSTAND WHO IS BOSS AROUND HERE! I'LL KILL THE FIRST MAN THAT MAKES A FALSE MOVE!

GIVE IT TO 'EM, LAO!

NOW, PAN CHI-LOU, SEE IF YOU CAN GET THAT INFORMATION FROM THE OLD MAN AGAIN. TELL HIM WE'LL REWARD HIM AND SEE THAT NO HARM COMES TO HIM.

THERE WAS SOME TALK IN MONGOLIAN AND PAN CHI-LOU NODDED...

HE WAS TO MEET THEM HERE AFTER THE FIGHT.

AH, AH!

THEN THE PALE-FACED TARTAR IS SOMEWHERE NEARBY — PERHAPS WE COULD ROUND HIM UP — NO THE MONGOLS WHO GOT AWAY WILL HAVE WARNED HIM...

DO YOU THINK WE CAN NAB HIM?

NOT A CHANCE.

ANYWAY WE'VE GOT THE JA-LAMA, BRING HIM OVER HERE!

THE FAT JA-LAMA, HIS FACE LOOKING PALER THAN HE'S EVER BEEN BEFORE, HAD BEEN BULLIED, HAS BROUGHT OVER BY HIS TWO COSSACK GUARDS.

DO YOU SPEAK ENGLISH?

YES!

WHY DO YOU ATTACK US AND ABDUCT MEMBERS OF OUR SOCIETY WHEN WE ARE ENGAGED IN DELIVERING SUPPLIES TO YOU?

THE JA-LAMA LOOKED AROUND AT THE EXCITED LING FACES.

I WOULD PREFER NOT TO TALK BEFORE ALL THESE.

HIS MEDICS AND ASKED THOSE PRESENT TO RETIRE. FOR ALL WAS TAKING PLACE HE KNEW, AND TIRED HIM COCKED PISTOL WITH AN EASY FLOURISH.

THE FAT JA-LAMA LOOKED ABOUT HIM AND LOWERED HIS VOICE.

YOUR ENEMIES ARE MY ENEMIES!

WE ARE BOTH IN THE POWER OF THE DRAGON PRIEST-HOOD. THEY INTEND TO SEIZE THE VALUABLE GOODS YOU CARRY.

I ATTEMPTED TO FORESTALL THEM BY ENTERING THROUGH THE SECRETWAY UNDER THE STATUE OF GENGESH AND CAPTURING THE CARAVAN.

MY MEN CAPTURED YOU AND PAN CHI-LOU AND WERE ABOUT TO SEIZE MORE OF YOUR MEN WHEN THE ARRIVAL OF TOGAROFF WITH HIS BANDIT FORCES SPOILED THAT PLAN. HE IS A DEVIL, THAT MAN TOGAROFF.
AS YOU SAY, HE IS A DEVIL — BUT NOT A VERY POTENT DEVIL.
MARK NOTES UPON THAT SCORE THIS TYPE OF EVIL IS HARD TO WITHSTAND FOR VERY LONG AND CONQUERS BY FINDING THE EVIL IN HIS OPPONENTS
THERE IS LITTLE EVIL AMONG US,
PERHAPS NOT IN YOU, BUT SOMEWHERE IN YOUR PARTY WE WILL FIND PLENTY AMONG US. THROW YOU! WHERE EVIL IS, THERE CAN EVIL ENTER.
WHY DID YOU WANT TO SEE PAN CHI-LOU THAT NIGHT YOU CAME ALONE?
TO KILL HIM.
WHY?
DON'T YOU KNOW, THAT NO MAN CAN ENJOY THE TREASURE OF GENGHIS KHAN UNLESS THAT MAN IS ALIVE?
IAN GLANCED AT THE FAT MONGOL QUICKLY, HIS PUZZLEMENT SHOWING ON HIS FACE. JUST THEN THE CARAVAN MASTER CAME UP, ASKING FOR ORDERS.
YES, WE WILL MOVE OUT. WE HAVE WASTED TOO MUCH TIME AS IT IS.
I'LL TALK TO YOU AGAIN LATER.
RAKOV! PETROVSKI! GUARD THIS MAN WITH YOUR LIVES!
WE'RE SHOVING OFF. YOU LOOK TIRED. THINK YOU CAN MAKE IT?
ME? TIRED? OLD PETE OWL WILL? I SHOULD SAY NOT! LET'S GO!
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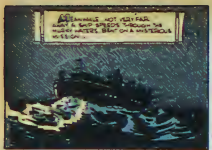
OOD GIRL! THEN WE'LL START IMMEDIATELY.
NIGHT OUR WELLS, HA-HA! I'M SO TIRED I COULD DROP. BUT I GOT MYSELF INTO THIS AND I'LL STICK IT OUT IF IT KILLS ME.
RAN SPOKE TO THE CARAVAN MASTER, WHO OBEYED IMMEDIATELY.
PACK THE CAMELS AND BE READY TO MOVE OUT!
THE COURTYARD OF THE MONASTERY WAS INSTANTLY TRANSFORMED INTO A SCENE OF ACTIVITY. CAMEL MEN HURRIED TO THEIR CHARGES AND BEGAN PUTTING SADDLES INTO PLACE.
THE WHITE MEN OF THE PARTY ROLLED UP THEIR BEDDING AND PACKED THEIR EQUIPMENT.
THE COSSACKS BUSTLED ABOUT THEIR SADDLING, SINGING AND SHOUTING JOYOUSLY.
IN SPITE OF THE LACK OF SLEEP AND FATIGUE WHICH EVERYONE SUFFERED, THERE WASN'T A PERSON WHO WASN'T GLAD TO BE OUT OF THAT DREADFUL, MYSTERIOUS MONASTERY!
THE LONG DELAY SEEMED TO BE OVER, AT LAST, AND THEY RESUMED AT RAPID, ONCE MORE ABLE TO PUSH THE QUEST IN SEARCH OF THE GOLDEN TREASURE OF GENGHIS KHAN.
ALL SET MEN? LET'S GO!
CONTINUED

RUSTY
THIS PAGES
RUSTY AND HIS PAL, SPUD, HAD HAD THEIR ADVENTURE ON A HOME MADE RAFT, BEATEN, MANACLED, TO SEA BY CALIBAN & HIS CREW. AFTER WEEKS THEY SIGHT... SOON THEY ARE PICKED UP BY A PIRATE'S SCHOONER SHIP WHICH HAPPENS TO BE BOUND... INCIDENTALLY, THE SCENE MOVES TO MR. LANCHESTER, LONDON - THE DEVIL OF OUR PLOT...
I HAVE FINALLY GOT MOST HORRID ARRANGEMENTS HERE FOR YOUR FULL INSTRUCTIONS. FIRST YOU WILL COUNTER THE WRECKED AGENT ON THE PIRATE SHIP AND ENLIST HIS AID. THEN THAT WE ARE READY TO ATTACK THE WORLD TRADE MARKET.
"THEN YOU WILL BECOME OUR MOST EFFICIENT CAPTAIN, THAT OUR SHIP WILL LEAVE SPANISH TOWNS... IF ALL IS MADE CLEAR... ARE WE CLEAR?
ALL WILL BE DONE, MASTER!
CLEAR INDEED! TWO MARVELLOUS TOOLS TO FINAL SOON... HOORAY! SOON WE'LL BE MASTERS OF LANCHESTER... HAHAH! SOON CLEARLY OUT THE LAST PLANETS OF THESE MASTERS...
—MASTER, DO YOU WANT US TO DO SOMETHING?
WELL, WE WANTED—WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE THE HEAD OF THE PIRATE SHIP?
YOU BET! EARN!
—AND THE WIRELESS ROOM!
SCALL FELLERS—THIS SHIP'S JUST LIKE THE ONE WE READ ABOUT IN THAT PIRATE BOOK!
WHAT'S THAT, A MESSAGE COMING IN... SPANDAU?
NOW THEN, SIR—IT'S JUST A MERCHANT REPORT, CAPTAIN
WOW! THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE... NOW TO GET THAT REPORT OUT...
CRASH!

WELL, BUSKY, BOY! HAD A SCRUMPTIOUS DINNER DOWN IN THE HOLD, MUCH I'M GOING TO SHOW YE!
SAY CAPN'— WHERE DID THE PIRATES TORTURE THEIR VICTIMS?
HMM-M-M! I FEEL LIKE A MANSLAUGHT
HMM-I'D YOU ASK ME, HOUSE BREAKING TO LOOK LIKE THE PLACE!
THIS ONE WEARS G.I'S MOUTH AS HE RUN MADEN. THE VICTIM WAS PLACED IN CONVENIENCE AND HE TOO PAINT WERE CLOSED.
AND OVER HERE WE HAVE ST. CATHERINES WHEEL. THE PIRATES WOULD STRAP THEIR VICTIM AROUND THE SPIKED WHEEL WHICH WHEN TURNED WOULD SPIKE THE VICTIM.
IT LOOKS LIKE AN OVERSIZED SET OF TEETH
C'MON MY SOLLY SQUINT-TAILS, THAT'S ENOUGH OF THIS FOR ONE DAY
AYE, AYE, SIR!
WELL, MATES, IT LOOKS AS IF WE'RE IN FOR A DAY OF BLOW.
YEAH! IT SURE IS GETTING DRUNK.
AYE, AYE, SIR!
ANDY UP THERE! KEEP A SHARP LOOKOUT TONIGHT THERE'S NO MOON!
M'YER YAP— WHERE'D YOU GET THE NEW CABIN BOYS
OH-GOOD DAY SIR! WE FOUND THE GAMES BOOST— COMING TO A DAFT, SIR! MUT.
BOYS- THIS IS STEPHEN CASTER... HE'S THE NEW MIZZASTER...AND OWNS THE CRAFT
HI YA KIDS, THE NAME IS STEVE, TO YOU.
HELLO SIR!


CHARMOLE HOT FOR FAR EAST, & SHIP SAILS TOMORROW. HE MUSH HASTEN, BERT, ON A MYSTERIOUS MISSION.
RIGHT YOU ARE, SIR!—WE'LL BE UP TO THEM IN NO TIME AT ALL!
SHIP'S ALL FULL STEED YET?
ALL IS GOOD— ALL TO WELCOME OF MASTER!
SO, CAPTAIN-INVINCIBLE VALUE OF CARGO & INVINCIBLE TOUGHNESS OF MAID!
YES, SAH! 2 INVINCIBLE VALUE OF CARGO & INVINCIBLE TOUGHNESS OF MAID! SAFE TO ENGLAND, SAH!
MESSAGE FROM ADMIRAL ON PIRATE SHIP LOWER MASTHEAD, SIR!
YES SIR!—HE'S BEING TAKEN PRISONER OF WAR TO ENGLAND. WE'LL MEET WITH THEM ARE MEN-OF-WAR!
OLD CHINESE PROVERB SAY—STRIKE OF SHARK IS OF NO AVAIL WHEN PANGS ARE WISECRACK! PANGS IS AS ARE GUNS!
DON'T WORRY, LORD BERT— YOU WILL BE WELL EQUIPPED WITH GUNS.
STAND BACK TO SEE PIRATE SHIP AS IT SINKS, EXAMINING IN AUTOMATIC
MAKE WITH THE HELP! WHERE DO YOU HIDE YOUR MEDS?

WELL I SAW HIM HEAD NORTH BUT WHAT'S HE DOING HERE?
AHH, MASTER, YA DON'T WANTA GET GOOD-LAH CAPTAIN SAYS A RIGHT LIL STORM IS GOIN' TA GET SA LATEST WEATHER REPORT!
IF LOOKS LIKE A STORM!
YEAH-IF YA WANT SOME OF A STORM DAT'S WORSHIPPIN'
TELL SA CAPTAIN I'LL ANT A REPORT AS I DON'T WANT YOU KNOCKIN' AROUND HERE AGAIN-GET IT?
YAHOOO! AHOY AHT!
JAMMY JELLYBEAN! DO YOU SEE SA GUN HE HAD IN HIS HAND?
YEAH! YEAHOW! SOMETHIN' DON'T TRUST THAT GUY!
OO' THERE YOU GO AGAIN! YEAH, AGAIN-NOT A CLUE! NOT A CLUE! GOTTA CARRY A GUN, THAT'S ALL!
ALEX-BEFORE WE LIVE, WE GET ATTACKED BY SEA CREATURES OR SUMPN
YEAH, MAYBE BUT I STILL DON'T LIKE THAT GUY!
AW LETS FINISH IT-I'M KILLIN'-LETS TURN IN!
WELL, WE HEADED SOUTH! THAT MEANS IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU CAUGHT UP ON SOME SLEEP
WE MUST TOWN IN, CAPN!
NO HAH! DO HTHINK I CN WOULD A SHACK TO EAT DESTROY GUNS!
YOH OHOH PELEGRIN, I'M AGOIN DISAPPOINTED THIS AIN'T A REAL BLOOD THIRSTY PIRATE SHIP-HAVE PACKING AND BOOKWORMS. I'VE SEEN MORE DEATH ON A PIRATES BOOK
YEAH! NO PIRATES! NO ADVENTURE! NO MANSLAUGHTER! NO MYTHS!
SHH-SHH YOH SPEAK PIRATES
THE OUT FORCES HIS WRATH UPON US. I CAN NO LONGER CONTROL THE SEAS. SOON YOU WILL BE SWALLOWED BY THE SEA CREATURES THAT LIVE IN THE DEEP. THE ONLY WAY TO SAVE YOURSELVES IS TO GIVE ME THE MAN WHO STOLE MY GREAT TREASURE! THAT MAN IS ALEX! GIVE HIM TO ME AND I WILL SPARE YOUR LIVES!
THE OUT FORCES HIS WRATH UPON US. I CAN NO LONGER CONTROL THE SEAS. SOON YOU WILL BE SWALLOWED BY THE SEA CREATURES THAT LIVE IN THE DEEP. THE ONLY WAY TO SAVE YOURSELVES IS TO GIVE ME THE MAN WHO STOLE MY GREAT TREASURE! THAT MAN IS ALEX! GIVE HIM TO ME AND I WILL SPARE YOUR LIVES!
BUT OUR STRONG VOICE CRIES OUT "NO!" AND THE STORM CONTINUES. THE SEA CREATURES MUST STRONGLY CHANGE DOES THIS MEAN? WHAT CAN'T WAIT LIKE SO THIS PART OF THE PIRATE BOOK?!? TO BE CONTINUED...

FIRING SQUAD FIZZLE

by

Paul Dean

THE rusty iron door clanged open and four armed guards trampled into the cell.

Jim Burke, standing by the barred window, turned and then smiled as he studied the faces of these nondescript soldiers. They presented a picture that might have been taken from one of Gilbert and Sullivan's comic-operas. Three of them were bare-footed while the fourth wore a pair of yellow shoes that had seen better days. All were coarse, dirty and badly in need of shaves, and their oily skins glistened in the heat of the day.

The fat one who possessed the yellow shoes, and who was evidently the spokesman for the group, stepped forward. "Come! The General wenshes to see you!"

Jim strode across the room and through the doorway, escorted by his guards. The courtyard was drenched with sunlight and they marched over the hot, dusty flagstones towards the two-story building on the opposite side. On the right was a high, whitewashed wall and a heavy timber gate. Two soldiers, duplicates of the ones accompanying Burke, slouched by the entrance. Another was sound asleep in the shade of a drooping palm tree in the corner of the courtyard.

The whole setting seemed so unreal and so stage-like that Jim wondered whether he was actually living through it all; perhaps it was a far-fetched dream caused by the heat.

Two weeks ago he had been the resident manager of an American fruit-rail company. Then suddenly from out of the mountains to the south, General Gomez came riding with his bandit army. The government forces offered little resistance and the General made a victorious entrance into the capital of this small, Central American country.

Gomez discovered that revolutionous are expensive pastimes and his soldiers demanded their pay. In pompous fashion he went to Burke's office and ordered the American oil company to donate $25,000.

Burke laughed in the General's face. Gomez, pale in crushed fury, the manager's refusal, had kicked thrown into jail and delivered an ultimatum that unless Burke produced the money within a certain period of time he must suffer the consequences. He had been in prison three days and now here he was on his way to the General's business conference with the General.

They reached the other side of the courtyard and entered the building. The guard with the yellow shoes led the way and they walked through a comparatively cool patio and finally halted by a door at the far end.

A soldier standing in front of the door opened it and Burke was ushered into the presence of General Gomez.

The General, a short and chubby person with a thick, handle-bar mustache, sat behind a desk. Across the expanse-ver front of his blue faded uniform were pinned two rows of glittering medals. They were very impressive looking and Burke wondered if he had purchased them from some mail-order house in the States.

Gomez lit a large cigar and blew a cloud of smoke from his nostrils. "Senor Burke, I've been a very patient man and I've given you plenty of time to think things matter over. Weel you write me out a check for $25,000 or weel you still be a stubborn jackass."

"Sorry, General old boy," replied Burke, "but I'm afraid I prefer the animal kingdom. My answer is no!"

The General's face became flushed with anger and he leaped to his feet. "Then you will be hung at the rope for you, senor! You weel not pass the check and so you must die!"

He jumped from behind his desk and strutted across the room with the yellow shoes: "Miguel, take thees prog back to hees cell! And at sunrise in the morrning you beem before the firing squad and shoot heem dead!"

Burke was marched out of the room, across the hot courtyard and back to his prison cell. The iron door was closed and locked, and he sat down on his cot.

BIG EXTRA VALUE
200 Sure Fire Salutes
IN THIS "4th OF JULY" FIREWORKS ASSORTMENT

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"Well, Jim, this looks like a pretty tight spot," he said to himself, wiping his moist brow. "So put on your thinking cap and do a bit of concentrating."

THE sun sank in the west and the night brought a refreshingly cool breeze from the sea. A guard came to Burke's cell with a tin plate of food. He unbolted the door and then dropped the plate in the entrance. *Guards rooms was one way!*

His cry of alarm summoned other bare-footed soldiers and they in turn gazed into the apparently unoccupied cell. Then they rushed out into the courtyard to spread the news.

When they had left the prison and their shouting voices could still be heard in the distance, Burke jumped down from his hiding place and stretched himself.

For over an hour he had been perched on the narrow beam of timber above the doorway, waiting for the guard to come and bringing that when he found the room empty he would fail to make a closer inspection in the gloom of the ceiling. And that was exactly what had happened!

"Probably the safest place for me right now is in the General's room," said Jim. "That's the last spot they'll think of looking for me!"

He walked through the door the guards had left open and made his way to the rear of the building. He slipped out into the night and crouching against the wall, headed straight for the patio-enclosed structure where Gomez was located.

He was thankful for the blackness of the night and finally stood outside the General's window. The room within was lighted and he could hear Gomez screaming orders to his bewildered soldiers. A door slammed and Burke, peering above the window sill, saw that the General was alone.

The fat army leader sat at his desk with his back to Burke, puffing furiously on his cigar. Jim lost no time and vaulted noiselessly into the room. Swiftly he crossed to the desk and before the General could turn, he clamped one hand over the astonished Gomez' mouth and pulled out his revolver with the other.

"Now, General old boy, listen and don't speak!" said Jim. "You are taking orders from me and you're going to like them. And one outburst or false move and I'll blow that murderous heart of yours right through the wall!"

FIFTEEN minutes later, the General's already surprised soldiers were more puzzled than ever when they witnessed their leader leave the building arm in arm with the prisoner Burke. Gomez waved aside all questions and together the pair walked down the dark, dusty street to Burke's office in the oil company.

Miguel, of the yellow shoes, and the other soldiers were unaware, of course, that Jim had the revolver concealed under his arm and firmly pressed against the ribs of the chubby General.

The following morning the citizens were greatly amazed and delighted when they read that Gomez had called off the revolution and had dispersed his army. The government officials took over the reins of power and once again the little Central American country resumed its peaceful existence.

"The one thing that seemed to hurt the General most," said Burke speaking to a number of his friends, "was that he had to disappoint his firing squad. He said that they had never shot anyone before and that I was to be their first victim!"

THE END

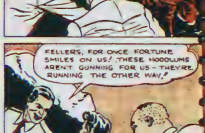
DETECTIVE SERGEANT CAREY of the CHINATOWN SQUAD

by Donohoe

SGT. CAREY AND SLEEPY, HAVE BEEN SENT TO CHINA TO AID IN THE RESCUE OF LOLA MANNERS, AN AMERICAN GIRL, WHO HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED BY THE SLY AND BRUTAL CHINESE BANDIT, SIN FU.

ACCOMPANIED BY LEE PUN, THE CHINESE DETECTIVE, THEY HAVE MADE THEIR ESCAPE FROM THE PIRATE JUNK, BEFORE DIVING INTO THE WATER FOR THEIR SWIM TO SAFETY, LEE SET FIRE TO THE ENEMY'S VESSEL

IT'S CERTAINLY GOOD TO GET ON DRY LAND AGAIN- EVEN IF SIN FU AND HIS GANG ARE WAITING FOR US!!
SERGEANT, I'M SURE SIN FU IS SOMEWHERE IN THIS VICINITY! WE MUST FIND HIM IF WE HAVE TO SCOUR THIS ENTIRE MOUNTAIN!



OBVIOUSLY, WE'VE BUSTED IN ON SOME ONE ELSE'S HIDE AND SEEK GAME, WELL WE DON'T WANT TO PLAY!
SURRENDER!
WAIT, CAPTAIN! DON'T SHOOT! WE ARE DETECTIVES ON THE TRAIL OF SIN FU, THE BANDIT!
WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF SIN FU? SEVEN TIMES HAVE WE CHASED HIS CURSED BAND INTO THESE MOUNTAINS, ONLY TO HAVE THEM SLIP THROUGH OUR VERY FINGERS AND DISAPPEAR!
CAPTAIN, WE HAVE EVERY REASON TO BELIEVE THAT SIN FU AND HIS GANG ARE OPERATING IN THIS SECTION, AND THAT THE KIDNAPPED AMERICAN GIRL IS WITH THEM!
WE APPRECIATE YOUR ALLOWING US TO JOIN THE HUNT, CAPTAIN!
PERHAPS YOU BRING US LUCK, MR. WHITE, DETECTIVE!
KEEP UNDER COVER, HONORABLE BAT DETECTIVE! DO YOU WANT SIN FU'S DOGS TO BITE YOU WITH LEADEN PELLETS?
WOTTA CLIMB! HEY SARGE, ASK THAT GENERAL IF THE ARMY AIN'T ENTITLED TO A LITTLE REST!

MY MEN HAVE REACH SUMMIT OF MOUNTAIN AND REPORT NO SIGN OF THEM! ONCE MORE SIN FU HAS TRICKED US!!
THIS MOUNTAIN IS EXTINCT VOLCANO- FILLED WITH MANY NATURAL CAVES- WE HAVE SEARCHED ALL TO NO AVAIL. THIS IS AN END TO MY MILITARY CAREER!
THERE WILL MORE THAN A REPRIMAND FOR THIS FAILURE!
TOUGH LUCK, CAP! IF YOU DON'T MIND I'M GONNA SET DOWN AND REST A SPELL!
SARGE! HELP! THE MOUNTAIN'S FALLING!!
YOU'RE ALL RIGHT SLEEPY! RELAX! TAKE IT EASY!
I SEE A FACE!
TO ARMS, MEN! IT'S SIN FU!
TAKE COVER BEHIND ROCKS! BRING UP MACHINE GUNS! FIRE!!
THEY'RE CAUGHT AT LAST LEE! THEY'LL DIE LIKE RATS IN THAT TRAP!

THEY CAN HOLD OUT IN THERE UNTIL OUR AMMUNITION GIVES OUT! WE MUST DYNAMITE!
WAIT! YOU CAN'T DO THAT! THE AMERICAN GIRL MAY BE IN THAT CAVE!
WE WILL HAVE TO CHANCE THAT—I CANNOT RISK MY MEN BY ORDERING A CHARGE! IT WOULD BE SUICIDE!
I'M GOING TO RUSH THAT OPENING, SIR! I'LL RAISE THEM BACK AND GIVE YOUR MEN A CHANCE TO ADVANCE!
I GO, TOO!
THE COWARDS FLEE AT OUR APPROACH!
BE CAREFUL, LEE! IT MAY BE A CLEVER RUSE!
GOSH! HERE'S LISA HANNEKS! THANK HEAVEN WE ARRIVED IN TIME!
THE WRETCHES RUN LIKE SCARED RABBITS! I CALL TROOPS TO PURSUE THEM!"
FORWARD, MEN! SHOOT TO KILL!
HEY, SLEEPY! TELL THE CAPTAIN HE CAN BLOW UP THE WHOLE MOUNTAIN, NOW!
IF SLEEPY HAD NOT LEANED HIS GREAT BULK AGAINST THAT ROCK, SIN FU'S HIDE OUT MIGHT NEVER HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED AND THE LOVELY MISS HANNEKS NEVER RESCUED FROM THAT HORRIBLE PLACE! BELIEVE ME, THEY WILL ALL GET THEIR JUST DESERTS!
I'M GRATEFUL TO ALL OF YOU! YOU'VE BEEN VERY BRAVE!
GOOD BYE, LEE FUN! WE OWE PLENTY TO YOU!!
SEE NEXT ISSUE for FURTHER ADVENTURES WITH SGT. CARRY

CAL 'N' ALEC
by R.A. BURLEY
HASSENPFEFFER FOR SUPPER TONIGHT!
HI-LE
HI-LO
?
GIMME THAT THAR HAND BAG! I KNOW YUH GOT PAID TODAY
SIR! YOU'RE NO GENTLEMAN
DROP THAT! DON'TCHA KNOW IT AIN'T GOOD MANNERS TO STICK UP A LADY? NOW BEAT IT!
OH, DARN! A ROBBER CAN'T MAKE A HONEST LIVIN' NO MORE!
AW, SHUCKS!
SMACK!
MY HERO!
AW, IT WARN'T NAWTHIN' C-CAN I COME AND SEE YUH SOMETIME?
WHY NOT TOMORROW? IT'S SUNDAY AND YOU ARE SO A HERO IN THE NEW SCHOOL TEACHER AND YOU SAVED MY FIRST 7 MONTHS PAY!
SO YUH FELL FOR A SCHOOL-MARM EH? I TELL YUH IT MEANS TROUBLE
SHE'S WUNNERFUL, CAL 'LL BRING HER OVER TO SEE YUH GOSH, I'M GLAD WE OWN A NECKTIE!

ISS SNAZZER, THIS HERE IS MY NODDER
OH, HOW DO YOU DO!
HOWDY, MAAM!
HURRY UP THAT LEMONADE, ALEC! NOW, MISS, I'LL TELL YA HOW I CAPTURED JESSE JAMES AND HIS GANG
OH, AREN'T YOU BRAVE!
SURE! I ONLY WORK HERE!
LISTEN AT HIM LIE!
HERE'S YER LEMONADE AND I HOPES YUH LIKE IT!
EY!
YA GOSH DURNED LITTLE RUNT!
OUCH!
KICK ME IN THE PANTS, WILL YUH?
EEEEK!!!
CRASH!
NOW BEHAVE YOURSELVES!
BONG!
FLIPPANS!
WOMEN, BAH!
NECKTIES, BAH!

"CAPTAIN" DESMO

WHILE FLYING OVER MONGOLIA, CAPTAIN DESMO SCOTS A BAND OF FIERCE MONGOLS WHO WERE ATTACKING AN OUTPOST OF THE EMCO OIL CO.—— LATER, HE ENCOUNTERED THE BAND AT AN INN— DURING A FIGHT DESMO WAS STRUCK FROM BEHIND AND RENDERED UNCONSCIOUS—HE NOW AWAITS HIS FATE AT THE HANDS OF GENGHIS AMIN, LEADER OF THE BAND.

Bellin

O.K. THEN I'LL GO POUFF—I'LL HAVE NO PART OF YOUR FIENDISH SCHEMES!
VASIL!!—TAKE HIM AWAY!—PREPARE FOR TO-MORROW'S SPORT!
MAY THE SLEEP OF THE DEPARTED HAUNT THE EVIL ONES!
OH GREAT ONE—LISTEN CLOSELY—ON THE MORROW THEY WILL HAVE SPORT WITH YOU—BUT FEAR NOT—I WILL PREPARE A WAY FOR YOU. BE READY TO STRIKE!
AT NIGHT—A FLEETING FIGURE STEALS TOWARD DESMO'S CELL.
TIME IS SHORT. I MUST GO—THERE MUCH WORK TO BE DONE!
O.K. PAL!
DESMO'S BENEFACTOR STEALS INTO THE WONDER'S HOUSE AND GOES TO WORK.
AH SUE KNOW OF AHKUM'S SPORT—AND SO—AH SUE FIX.
FOR IT IS WRITTEN—A STRONG CHAIN IS NO STRONGER THAN ITS WEAKEST LINK.
THE NEXT DAY
AHKUM—TAKING NO CHANCES—SENDS TWO MEN ARMED WITH AUTOMATICS—TO BRING DESMO TO HIM.

AH, CAPTAIN — YOU ARE STRONG NOT— HE SHALL SEE
YES— I GUESS YOU WILL, OLD BOY!
MASTER SAY YOU GO FASTER— FASTER!
AH! THAT IS BETTER — AHKIM IS MUCH PLEASED! HAVE MUCH FUN.
SNAP!
NOW! I'LL HAVE SOME FUN!
SUDDENLY—THE CHAIN BREAKS! DESMO IS LOOSE!!!
BULLS EYE!

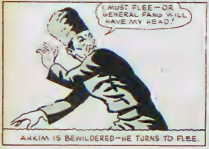
ME GET WHITE MAN!
SEIZE HIM, MEN!
MASTER! HERE GUN — EVIL ONES RUN FROM ITS WRATH!
DESMO RECEIVES A GUN FROM 'AH SUE' THE INN KEEPER.
YELLOW DOGS—FIGHT BACK—SEE! AKKIM WILL LEAD YOU!
NOW, YOU DEVILS, RUN— OR DIE OF LEAD POISONING!
RAT TAT-TAT TAT-TAT TAT
DESMO'S LEADEN MISSILES—FIND THEIR MARK.

SUDDENLY—ALL HOSTILITIES CEASE.

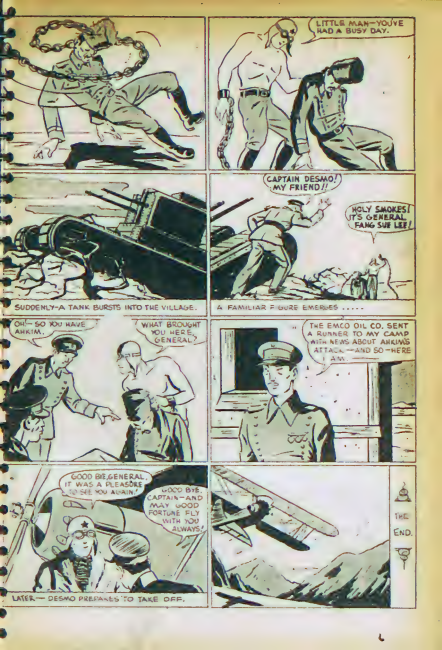
PLANES DRONE OVER THE BANDITS' CAMP.

EXPLOSIONS RIP THE VILLAGE ASUNDER.

THE MONGOL BANDITS ARE TERROR STRICKEN.



AHKIM IS BEWILDERED—HE TURNS TO FLEE.


LITTLE MAN—YOU'VE HAD A BUSY DAY.
SUDDENLY—A TANK BURSTS INTO THE VILLAGE.
CAPTAIN DESMO! MY FRIEND!!
HOLY SMOKES! IT'S GENERAL FANG SUN LEE!
A FAMILIAR FIGURE EMERGES .....
OH!—SO YOU HAVE ARRIVED.
WHAT BROUGHT YOU HERE, GENERAL?
THE EMCO OIL CO. SENT A RUNNER TO MY CAMP WITH NEWS ABOUT AHKING ATTACK—AND SO—HERE I AM.
GOOD BYE GENERAL IT WAS A PLEASURE TO SEE YOU AGAIN!
GOOD BYE CAPTAIN—AND MAY GOOD FORTUNE FLY WITH YOU ALWAYS!
THE END.
LATER— DESMO PREPARES TO TAKE OFF.

DALE DARING

by Will Eg

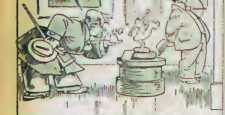
DALE AND HER FATHER HAVE BEEN CARRIED AWAY INTO THE MOUNTAINS BY CHINESE RENEGADES - CAPTAIN DOG BREWSTER AND ALI HAVE GONE AFTER THEM BUT HAVE LOST THE TRAIL - AS WE SEE THEM NOW THEY ARE DOUBLING BACK, HOPING TO PICK IT UP AGAIN — —

THE CHINESE EMERGE FROM THE TUNNEL AND DRAG THE PRISONERS TO AN IMPOSING LOOKING PAGODA —

FOOD IS BROUGHT TO THE PRISONERS ---
EAT THIS, AND PREPARE YOURSELVES TO MEET DWAN YO --
DWAN YO ? WHO IS HE ?
SOME YELLOW DOG WHO WILL PROBABLY TORTURE US AND THEN KILL US --
COME - DWAN YO IS READY ---
GIVE ME YOUR HAND DALE --
IF ONLY DON KNEW WHERE WE WERE, BUT I GUESS THAT'S HOPELESS ---
THE CAPTIVES ARE BROUGHT BEFORE THE ONE WHO CALLS HIMSELF DWAN YO --
KRIII
HE LOOKS LIKE TSIN LEE, DAD
HE MIGHT BE ONE OF HIS ANCESTORS--
YOUR PRESUMPTIONS ARE CORRECT, WHITE DOGS - I AM TSIN LEE'S HONORABLE FATHER - HIS DEATH WILL BE AVENGED - I CONSIDERED MYSELF EQUAL TO THE TASK --
TO BE CONTINUED--

OL' OZ BOPP

BY ALGER



SEVENTY THOUSAND & SO - DO I HEAR EIGHTY?
EIGHTY!
NINETY!!
IT'S WORTH MORE'N THAT!
QUIET!
NINETY, FIVE!
NINETY SEVEN!
NINETY NINE!!
A DOLLAR!!!
NOW BE REASONABLE UNCLE OZ!!

SANDOR

AND THE LOST CIVILIZATION

BY

H. FLEMING

THE HIGH PRIEST, ACCOMPANIED BY BENAR AND JADEV, MANAGE TO REACH HIS APARTMENT WITHOUT MISHAP...

BENAR ANNOUNCES THAT HE WILL SEEK THE AID OF THE WILD DOG ELAKA, TO LOCATE SANDOR IN THE UNDERGROUND PASSAGES OF THE PALACE...

PULLING ASIDE THE WALL PANEL, THE HIGH PRIEST ADMITS BENAR TO THE TUNNEL LEADING TO THE TEMPLE.

BENAR QUICKLY MAKES HIS WAY ALONG THE SECRET PASSAGE WAY TO THE TEMPLE.

I TRUST THAT ELAKA HAS ALLOCATED THE RAJAH'S WHEREABOUTS!

COLD, BEGGAR, SANDOR'S FRIEND... HE SHALL DIE.

AS BENAR MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH THE JUNGLE, A SINISTER FACE PEERS OUT FROM BEHIND A VINE TANGLE MAT OF LEAFS.

MAKING SURE THAT BENAR IS ALONE, HE CROUCHES LOW AND GLIDES THROUGH THE BUSHES IN PURSUIT—

MEANWHILE FROM A BRUSH-COVERED KNOLL NEAR THE TEMPLE, ELAKA THE WILD DOG WATCHES THE BROWN FIGURE BELOW HIM.

SUDDENLY, WITH A LOW GROWL, ELAKA LEAPS INTO ACTION—

THROUGH OPENING IN THE FOLIAGE, ELAKA SEES THE FLASH OF STEEL IN AN UPRAISED FIST

WITH BACK HAIR BRISTLING, ELAKA HURLS HIS MUSCULAR BODY THROUGH THE AIR, LEAPING FOR THE THROAT OF BENAR'S ATTACKER.

ELAKA HOLDS HIS GRIP UNTIL THE STRUGGLES OF HIS VICTIM CEASE. FINALLY, RELEASING HIS HOLD, HE LEAPS BACK, READY TO RENEW HIS ATTACK.

"RETURN WITH ME ELAKA - LEAD US TO XAMOOR"

MAKING HIS WAY TO ELAKA'S SIDE BENAR TELLS WHY HE HAS COME

"FOLLOW ME ELAKA. I WILL SHOW YOU THE SECRET PASSAGE WAY TO THE PALACE."

"STRAIGHT AHEAD IT IS TOO DARK ELAKA"

IN A FEW MOMENTS, BENAR AND ELAKA ENTER THE TEMPLE AND PASS THROUGH THE ENTRANCE LEADING TO THE TUNNEL.

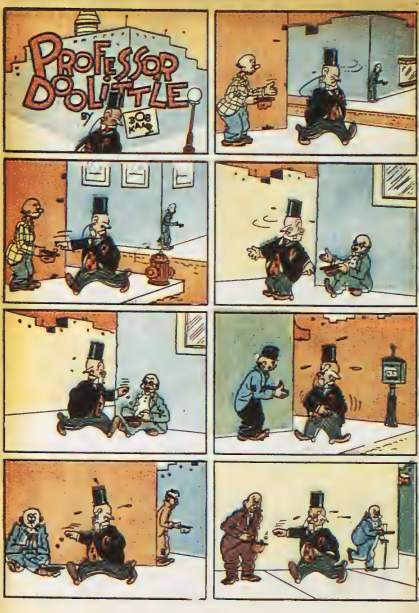
MEANWHILE, THE TWO TRIBESMEN AND ALMURAN ARE MAKING THEIR WAY, VERY CAUTIOUSLY, THROUGH THE UNDERGROUND PASSAGES OF THE PALACE.

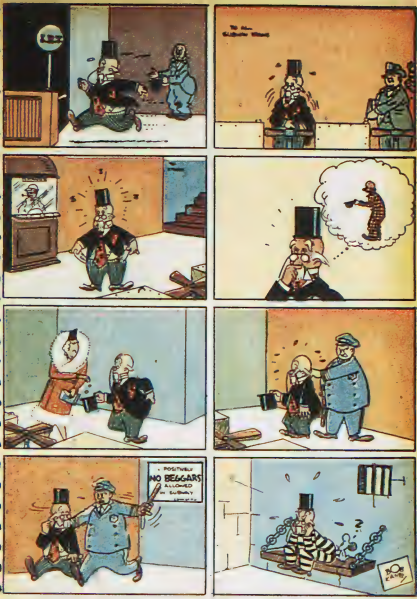
"ISN'T THAT THE DOOR THE LEOPARD-KEEPER LED US THROUGH?"

"IT MAY BE - BUT I WOULDN'T BE CERTAIN. LET'S TRY IT."

THEY HAVEN'T LOCKED IT!
IT'S THE DUNGEON! THERE'S A MAN IN CHAINS OVER THERE!
WHILE THESE EVENTS ARE TAKING PLACE SANDOR IS FORCING THE LEOPARD KEEPER TO LEAD HIM TO THE TREASURE ROOM -
ENTER THAT DOOR!
JUST AS SANDOR AND HIS CAPTIVE REACH THE DOOR OF THE LEOPARD'S CELL, THE TWO TRIBESMEN AND ALI KURNA ARE ENTERING THE DUNGEON -
SHOVING THE LEOPARD-KEEPER BEFORE HIM, SANDOR GLIDES TO THE DUNGEON DOOR AND SLAMS IT CLOSED — THEN HE LOCKS IT -
QUICKLY RETURNING TO THE LEOPARD'S CELL, SANDOR SHOUTS THE PROTESTING KEEPER INSIDE - THEN, THROUGH THE REAR DOOR, AND DOWN THE FLIGHT OF STONE STEPS -
HAY YOU MARSH BY FIRE!
REACHING THE SMALL DARK SPACE AT THE FOOT OF THE STONE STEPS SANDOR WHIRLS THE SURLY LEOPARD KEEPER AROUND
(YOU SHOW ME THE WAY INTO TREASURE VAULT!)
SUDDENLY, THE SOUND OF FOOT STEPS, APPARENTLY COMING FROM BEHIND THE SIDEWALL, CAUSES SANDOR TO TURN HIS HEAD —
3

SUDDENLY A STUNNING BLOW ON HIS HEAD SENDS SANDOR REELING BACKWARDS AGAINST THE WALL
INSTANTLY RECOVERING, HE RUSHES FOR THE LEOPARD KEEPER — SUDDENLY, HE HALTS IN AMAZEMENT — THE KEEPER HAS VANISHED!
MEANWHILE THE RAJAH HAS SENT FOR AMM SALAM THE SNAKE-CHARMER.
AMM SALAM IS SITTING IN A CORNER OF THE COURT-YARD PERFORMING WITH A COBRA.
AMM SALAM — I COME FROM HIS EXCELLENCY THE RAJAH — WITH ORDERS TO BRING YOU BEFORE HIM
PRAYER AND PEACE UPON YOU!
OH, ALLAH! LET ME NOT BE FORSAKEN!
WITH FEAR AND TREMBLING, AMM SALAM HASTILY PACKS UP AND HURRIES TO THE PALACE


PROFESSOR DOOLITTLE
BY JOE KAHN


POSITIVELY
NO BEGGARS
ALLOWED
ON SUBWAY
PROPERTY

SAM
the
PORTER
BY ALGER

WHERE'S SAM? I GOT SOME NEWS TO HIM!

SEEN SAM?

?
SAM! HAS I GOT SOME NEWS FO YOU!!

READ DAT! YOU IS INVITED TO DE BOXTREME OFFUS OF DE LODGE!
NO FOOLIN'?

SAY! OH SUGAH!

SAM JACKSON ELECTED EXALTED RULER
THE BIG MEEK, REDBIRDS

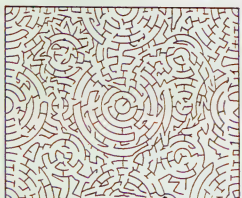
TAKE ON DE EXHAUSTED ROOSTER ON DE DOOR.

PUZZLE TEASERS

BY WALTER WELLMAN

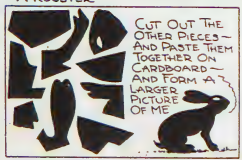
SWALLOWLARKINGFISHERONUTHATCHATEAL

THE NAME OF ONE BIRD FORMS PART OF THE NEXT. IN EACH CASE SEE IF YOU CAN MAKE OUT EIGHT BIRD NAMES IN THE ABOVE JUMBLED MASS.

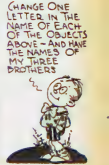


ENTER THE MAZE AT 'A'—AND TRACE A PATH WITH A COLORED PENCIL, UNTIL YOU ARRIVE BACK AT 'A' AGAIN. YOU WILL HAVE DRAWN A ROOSTER.

WHAT ARE THE NAMES OF MY THREE SISTERS SHOWN ABOVE?



CUT OUT THE OTHER PIECES—AND PASTE THEM TOGETHER ON CARDBOARD—AND FORM A LARGER PICTURE OF ME



CHANGE ONE LETTER IN THE NAME OF EACH OF THE OBJECTS ABOVE AND HAVE THE NAMES OF MY THREE BROTHERS

Don Coyote

by R.A. BURLEY

METHINKS THE HOLE'S BIG ENOUGH NOW, CHOW THROUGH AND LET'S GET GOIN
MEN AT WORK
THANKS FOR SPRINGIN' ME OUTA THE JUG, PAL, BUT HOW COME?
'PERSIT IT, COMRADE! I'M TAKIN' THEE TO THE GRAND HUSHUMP
A NEW RECRUIT FOR THE CAUSE, COMRADES
WELL, IF IT AINT THE GIRL FRIEND! I FEARED THOU HAD PUT ME ON THE SPOT
DIDST THINK I HAD DOUBLE-CROSSED THEE? NAY, WERE GONNA HAVE A REVOLUTION
THE GRAND HUSHUMP'S GOT A JOB FOR THEE, FELLER
NOW HERE'S THE DOPE, TOMORROW AT NOON THE KING PASSETH HERE. SO THOU WILT TAKE THIS SWORD AND BUMP HIM OFF. THEN WHEN I'M PRESIDENT I'LL MAKE THEE COMMISSIONER OF SUMPN
WHAT?
OUT OF MY WAY, VARLETS! I AINT NO ASSASIN!
O.K. TOUGH GUY! THOU ASKED FOR IT— C'MON, GANG!
BACK UP, THOU BUMS! DUCK THROUGH THAT DOOR BEHIND US, MLORD!
SANCHO! WHAT DO THEE IN THIS DUMP?
I JOINED UP WITH 'EM, MLORD, BUT THE GRUB HERE IS PUNK. LET'S GO HOME AND EAT
SLAM!

STARDUST

by BERNARD BAILY

VICTOR McLAGLEN

HAS A COMPLETE ARMY COOKS WHICH HE PERSONALLY TRAINS AND DRIVE THE BATTAL ION GUNS INTO THE HUNDREDS AND IS PRE PARED TO DEFEND THE HONOR OF HIS COUNTRY WHENEVER THE OCCASION SHOULD ARISE

Gladys Swarthout

IS ONE OF HOLLYWOOD'S BEST KEPT SECRETS MAKERS SHE'LL COOK SOME FOR YOU ANY TIME OR PLACE - ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS COME HER LONG ENOUGH

Jean Muir

ONE OF HOLLYWOOD'S BRIGHTEST GIRLS - AND ONE OF HIS MOST TALENTED ADMITS THAT SHE NOT ONLY HAS THE LARGEST FEET IN THE MOVIE COLONY - SHE WEARS A SIZE NINE AND

SPANKY McFARLAND

BECAME TIRED OF BEING HIS OWN STANDIN SO THE STUDIO MADE A WOODEN IM AGE OF HIM - IT IS JOINT ED AND CAN BE MADE TO POSE IN ANY POSITION!

Jean Hersholt

IS A STICKLER FOR KEEPING APPOINTMENTS!! HE IS NEVER LATE AND RESENTS BEING KEPT WAITING WHEN HE MAKES A DATE! RECENTLY JEAN ADDED THE TITLE OF RADIO STAR TO HIS LIST OF ACCOMPLISHMENTS!

JUNIOR FEDERAL MEN CLUB

Conducted By STEVE CARSON

YOU may possibly have noticed and wondered why the JUNIOR FEDERAL MEN CLUB has been missing in the past few issues of New Adventure Comics.

During the early part of last month I received an urgent message from headquarters. Though I cannot divulge the contents of the note nor the nature of my mission, nevertheless it is needless to explain that it was of the gravest importance. And during that time I had to leave you and devote all my efforts in fulfilling my assignment.

It seems only a short time ago that the JUNIOR FEDERAL MEN CLUB was organized, as a matter of fact it was just a year ago this June issue, and since that time it has grown leaps and bounds.

It was in the June, 1937 edition of this magazine that the JUNIOR FEDERAL MEN CLUB sent out its first appeal to join the nation-wide crusade against lawlessness and crime, and American Youth hastened to accept the challenge. Thousands and thousands of young Americans responded eagerly to our call for a group of wide-awake, up-and-doing youngsters, to band themselves together for the purpose of giving assistance to the forces of law and order in our country.

Scores of applications pour in every day and here at Headquarters we are working at top speed to get Badges, Certificates and Operator Numbers out on schedule. We are proud indeed of the fine work that our members are doing in this great venture, but we shall not be satisfied until every red-blooded American boy has pledged himself to support and obey the laws of his country.

Hundreds of Members have already pledged themselves to the support of this cause and have been enrolled as SPECIAL OPERATORS of the JUNIOR FEDERAL MEN.

We need everyone's help and we are asking every reader of this page to send in his application TODAY. Our task has just begun and will not be completed until every real American boy has become a member of the JUNIOR FEDERAL MEN CLUB. This is our goal, and when it has been accomplished America will indeed be a better and a safer place to live in.

The reason for this is clear. Every J.F.M.C. Special Operator pledges himself to obey the laws of his country and do everything in his power to prevent others from breaking them, and to keep himself physically and mentally fit. When every American boy voluntarily promises himself to the support of these ideals, we can not fail to make ourselves fit as a force for good in our country.

We still receive many letters from girls asking if they are allowed to join. We have answered this question before but for the benefit of new readers we repeat that girls may become associate Members with the same privileges as boys if they are willing to pledge themselves to the support of the Club just as the boys do. Canadian boys and girls are also welcome to become Members.

Yours for Law and Order,
Steve Carson.

Here's Your Chance to Join the Junior FEDERAL MEN Club

Every real, red-blooded American boy wants to join in the great fight against lawlessness.

Steve Carson's JUNIOR FEDERAL MEN Club is enlisting thousands of boys in this cause. Fill out the coupon at the right and send for YOUR badge and Membership Certificate right away!

Steve Carson,
J. F. M. C. Headquarters,
480 Lexington Ave., New York City.

Dear Steve:

Please enlist me as a member of your JUNIOR FEDERAL MEN CLUB and help you promote Law and Order. Enclosed is 10 cents, for which please send me my Badge, Certificate and Operator's Number.

Name..... Age.....

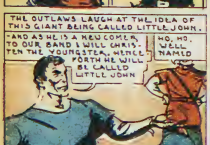
Address.....

City and State.....

Robin Hood

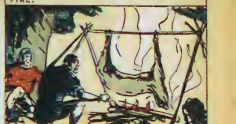
ILLUSTRATED BY OWEN ELVEN

ROBIN HOOD ASKD THE STRONG, BURLY MAN, WHOM HE CHALLENGED ON THE BRIDGE, TO JOIN HIS BAND. ON LEARNING IT IS ROBIN, THE STRANGER ANSWERS HE WILL GLADLY JOIN AND HAD COME IN SEARCH OF ROBIN FOR THAT PURPOSE.

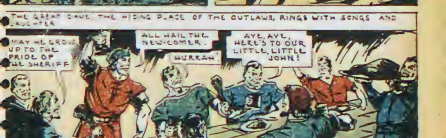

THE OUTLAWS LAUGH AT THE IDEA OF THIS GIANT BEING CALLED LITTLE JOHN.
AND AS HE IS A NEW COMER TO OUR BAND I WILL CHRISTEN THE YOUNGSTER, HENCE FORTH HE WILL BE CALLED LITTLE JOHN
HO, HO, WELL NAMED HE!

TWO FAT DOES ARE SLAIN AND THE MEN CARRY THEM BACK TO CAMP.

THE MEAT IS ROASTED OVER A GLOWING FIRE.

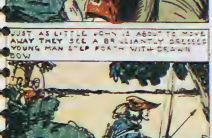


THE GREAT CAVE, THE HIDING PLACE OF THE OUTLAWS, RINGS WITH SONGS AND LAUGHTER.



A FEW DAYS LATER ROBIN LOOKS INTO THE HOLLOW OAK AND FINDS THE FOOD SUPPLY RUNNING LOW.

JUST AS LITTLE JOHN IS ABOUT TO MOVE AWAY THEY SEE A BRILLIANTLY DRESSED YOUNG MAN STEP FORTH WITH DRAWN BOW.



THE MAN'S MOVEMENT STARTLES THE HERD. SEVERAL DOES GATHER ROUND TO PROTECT THEIR HERD.

FINALLY THE STAG DARTS OUT TO HEAD THE HERD, AN ARROW FLIES AND THE STAG PITCHES FORWARD, DEAD.
BY OUR LADY A NOBLE SHOT! BOLD STAV HERE, LITTLE JOHN, WHILE I GO AND SPEAK WITH THIS SUPERB BOW-MAN.
WELL SHOT STRANGLER. I LOVE A BOLD ARCHER AND DRAW TO ME ALL I CAN. WILT THOU BE, LOYAL MY MAN?
AND WHO ART THOU THAT I SHOULD BECOME THY YEOMAN? IT SEEMS TO ME, THOU ART SOME KIND OF FORESTER.
YES AND I HERD THE DEER FOR THE KING OF SHERWOOD
WHETHER IT BE FOR THE KING OF ENGLAND OR SHERWOOD, IT IS ALL ONE TO ME. GO A LONG, FORESTER OR REMAIN AT THY PERIL.
ROBIN HOOD, IGNORED BY THE STRANGER, QUICKLY SLIPS AN ARROW ON HIS BOW AND AIMS AT THE MANS HEART.
WHAT MEANS THIS FOOL'S PLAY?
IS AN ARROW BETWEEN THE RIBS FOOL'S PLAY? I'M AN OUTLAW, THE ENEMY OF SUCH AS YOU. THROW DOWN THY PURSE BEFORE I LOOSE THE STRING.
SO YOU ARE OF THAT COMPANY THEN.
BUT INSTEAD OF UNLOOSENING HIS BOW, HE DEFTLY CLAPS AN ARROW TO HIS OWN BOW.
IT SEEMS AS THOUGH WE ARE LIKELY TO SLAY EACH OTHER AND THERE IS NO ADVANTAGE IN THAT.
NAY THAT I DO NOT, THOUGH IT IS ALL OF YOUR MAKING.

THEN I END IT. BUT TWER SHAME TO PART THUS WITHOUT SEEING WHO IS THE BETTER MAN. YOU TOO CARRY A SWORD, I SEE.
VERY WELL IF YOU'RE IN NEED OF TROUBLE. YOU SHALL FIND IT
THE TWO COMBATANTS CIRCLE ABOUT EACH OTHER, CAUTIOUSLY ALERT.
SO EVENLY ARE THEY MATCHED THE FIGHT CONTINUES HALF AN HOUR BEFORE THE STRANGER MAKES A LUCKY THRUST. BLOOD STREAMS INTO ROBINS EYES
LITTLE JOHN RUSHES TO ROBINS AID.
GIVE ME YOUR SWORD MASTER - WE SHALL TRY A BOUT WITH ME.
HAY, LITTLE JOHN, TWERE UNFAIR TO SET A FRESH MAN ON ONE WHO HAS FOUGHT SO LONG AND WELL.
HAVE I FOUGHT WITH ROBIN HOOD AND NOT KNOWN HIM ?
I LIKE IT NOT THAT THIS SPRIG CAN BOAST OF HAVING DRAWN BLOOD FROM ROBIN HOOD.
ROBIN HOOD! HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN WILL SCARLET ?
MY ONLY COUSIN! BUT CAN YOU BE HIM ?
- - YES, NOW I RECOGNIZE YOUR SMILE.
TO THINK WE HAVE FOUGHT EACH OTHER, BUT WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THE FOREST, WILL ?
LOOKING FOR YOU, ROBIN. FOR NOW I TOO AM OUTLAWED. THIS IS WHAT HAS HAPPENED -

"BARON DE LACY, WHO'S PROPERTY ADJOINS MY FATHER'S, HAS LONG COVETED OUR ESTATE. FATHER IS NOW OLD AND I AM HIS ONLY WELL-BELOVED. OUT OF THE WAY THE BARON COULD GET A GOVERNMENT GRANT OF OUR LAND. TO THIS PURPOSE, HE EMPLOYED OLD GRIMMS. ONE DAY WHILE I WAS OUT HUNTING, A QUELK PELMONITION ASSAILED ME. TURNING, I SAW HIS ARROW TRAINED FULL UPON ME. QUICKLY I LOOSED MY SHAFT; WE SHOT TOGETHER. I RECEIVED AN ARM WOUND BUT GRIMMS FELL WITH MY ARROW THROUGH THE HEART. SO NOW I HAVE A MAN'S BLOOD ON MY HANDS, THOUGH NOT WILLINGLY.
SUCH TREACHERY WILL IS APPALLING.
PROMPTLY DE LACY SET THE SHERIFF ON MY TRACK. WERE I STRUNG UP FOR THE MURDER OF THE ROGUE, GRIMMS. HIS PURPOSE, BE IT ALLY WELL SERVED
THE SCURVY KNAVE. BUT SUCH ARE THE WAYS OF OUR OPPRESSORS.
WILL, THIS IS LITTLE JOHN, SECOND IN COMMAND OF MY BAND AND BIGGEST OF US ALL.
GLADLY DO I JOIN YOU, FRIENDS.
WELCOME TO SHERWOOD.
"AND I GIVE YOU THE GREAT STAG AS MY FIRST CONTRIBUTION.
THEN SHALL IT BE FOR THE GREAT FEAST OF FRIENDSHIP.
"TIS BEST, WILL, WE DROP YOUR TRUE NAME. YOU COME HERE IN SCARLET, SO HENCEFORTH YOU SHALL BE WILL SCARLET.
WELL ENOUGH. THE LAW IS STILL HOT ON MY TRAIL.
WITH A NEW NAME, YOU WILL BECOME A NEW MAN AND WE ACCEPT YOU AS ONE OF OUR MEMBERS.
I SWEAR TO BE TRUE TO YOU, ROBIN HOOD AND THE LAWS OF THE BAND.
AFTER THE FEAST, THE OUTLAWS WRESTLE AND PLAY LIKE SO MANY SCHOOL BOYS

THEN THEY PLAY AT QUARTERSTAFF.
BUT AT LAST THEY RETURN WITH NEW DELIGHT TO THEIR BELOVED ARCHERY.
HI! COME LADS, IT'S BOW PLAY WE WANT.
SEVERAL GO INTO THE FOREST IN SEARCH OF DEER.
WHICH OF YOU CAN KILL A DEER AT FIVE HUNDRED FEET?
SIGHTING A FINE HERD WILL SCARLET SUDDENLY DROPS A GREAT BUCK!
HUCH KILLS A DOE.
HA! YOU SHOOT LIKE TRUE YEOMEN TO-DAY.
BUT LITTLE JOHN LOOSES HIS SHAFT AND KILLS A STAG MORE THAN FIVE HUNDRED FEET AWAY.
A MASTER SHOT, LITTLE JOHN. I WOULD GO A HUNDRED MILES TO MEET YOUR EQUAL WITH THE BOW.
YOU NEED NOT GO THAT FAR, ROBIN.
AT FOUNTAINS ABBEY THERE IS A SHORT FRIAR WHO CAN DRAW A LONG BOW WITH ANY MAN.
AYE! THIS IS INTERESTING. TO-MORROW I SHALL VENTURE FORTH TO MEET THIS CHURCHLY MAN.
CONTINUED

BUTCH,
THE PUP
GRRRR!

BUY BARKO
DOG BISCUITS
FOR YOUR DOG
BARKO
GOSH – MY MASTER IS BEING CHEATED – HE NEVER GETS SUCH BIG ONES

SAY – LOOK AT THAT TOUGH MUTT THAT MOVED INTO THE NEIGHBORHOOD – WHAT TEETH HE HAS!

GRRR!
GRRR!
GRRR!

BAM
THIS'LL GET HIS GOAT!

YEEP!

WELL – THAT OUGHT TO SHOW HIM THAT I'M NOT AFRAID OF HIM!
GRRR!

?
?

HELLO BLONDE - SAY- YOU SHOULD'A SEEN WHAT I DID TO THAT TOUGH MUTT!

WHY- HE'S TWICE MY SIZE BUT THAT DIDN'T SCARE ME!

LOOK- THERE HE IS!

NOW JUST STAND OVER HERE WHILE I SCARE HIM STIFF!

GRRR...
?

?
?
?
GRRRRR!
BANG!

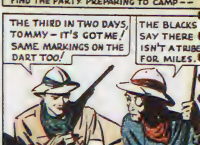
AW- HOW WAS I TO KNOW SOME ONE UNTIED HIM?
GRRR!
HE HE H

TOD HUNTER

JUNGLE MASTER

by JIM CHAMBERS

TOD HUNTER, TRAVELER + EXPLORER AND HIS PARTNER, TOMMY WITHERS SET OUT INTO THE JUNGLE TO SEARCH FOR THE GOD OF THE RUBY EYE. IT IS PURE LEGEND, HOWEVER, FOR NO LIVING PERSON HAS EVER SEEN THIS GOD OR IT'S STRANGE PEOPLE. ALTHOUGH MANY OF HIS SAFARI HAVE FLED, TOD IS OBLIVIOUS TO THE DANGERS AHEAD. WE FIND THE PARTY PREPARING TO CAMP--



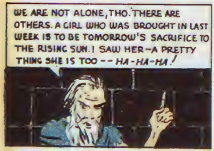
SILENT FIGURES WATCH AS TOD AND TOMMY TAKE TURNS SITTING GUARD!
TOMMY, OUR CARRIERS HAVE DESERTED US/WE'LL HAVE TO GO ON ALONE!
IN THAT VALLEY LIES OUR RUBY—IF WE LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO FIND IT!
SUDDENLY FROM ALL SIDES STRANGE SAVAGES LEAP ON TOD AND TOMMY!
OH I SAY, TOD, WHO ARE THESE FELLOWS AND WHAT DO THEY WANT WITH US?
I HAVE AN IDEA THEY'RE JUST WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR. GUARDIANS OF THE RUBY EYE!
RATHER INFORMAL MEETING, I'D SAY!
I BELIEVE WE'RE GOING TO SEE THE TOP MAN—PERHAPS THE IDOL ITSELF!

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOING TO AWAIT TRIAL, TOMMY.

A HIGH CACKLING LAUGH RINGS THRU THE CELL.
WHAT'S THAT

WHY IT'S ONLY A LITTLE OLD MAN! WELCOME STRANGER!

IT IS I WHO DID YOU WELCOME, MY FRIEND. FOR THIS BE MY HOME THE PAST TWENTY YEARS. I TOO HOPED FOR THE RUBY EYE.


WE ARE NOT ALONE, THO. THERE ARE OTHERS. A GIRL WHO WAS BROUGHT IN LAST WEEK IS TO BE TOMORROW'S SACRIFICE TO THE RISING SUN. I SAW HER--A PRETTY THING SHE IS TOO -- HA-HA-HA!

A GIRL, TOMMY, DID YOU HEAR? WE MUST DO SOMETHING.
SACRIFICE RISING SUN! I SAY, TOO WILL WE BE-

NEVER MIND THAT. GIVE ME A HAND HERE.
THERE'S NO ESCAPE, YOU FOOLS!
3

FINDING THE BARS SECURE, TOD TRIES THE WALL BLOCKS AND DISLODGES ONE SHOWING A DARK PASSAGE BEYOND.

EASY NOW, TOMMY, I SEE A LIGHT AHEAD.
WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL DARK TO GO BACK. WHEN THEY FIND WE'RE GONE THEY'RE GOING TO BE PLENTY MAD.
GUARDED BY TWO HUGE BLACKS THE DOORWAY SEEMS IMPASSABLE
TOD AND TOMMY STRUGGLE SILENTLY WITH THE GUARDS.
I HEAR VOICES IN HERE, TOD!
OPEN THAT TRAP AND WE'LL HAVE A LOOK.
HELLO IN THERE. WE- - -
LISTEN, TOD, THEY'VE FOUND THE GUARDS! THEY'RE COMING THIS WAY.
TO BE CONTINUED
WHO IS THIS GIRL? CAN TOD SAVE HER- OR WILL HE AND TOMMY BE CAUGHT?

NADIR
MASTER OF MAGIC

by Will Eisner

NADIR FINDS THE CAPTAIN OF THE MARY LOU MURDERED AND BELIEVED OF THE "PEARL OF THE BLEEDING HEART." HE THEN LEARNS OF A NOTORIOUS "FENCE" AND PAYS HIM A VISIT— HE KNOCKS SAMMY THE FENCE FOR A LOOP, BUT AT THAT MOMENT, SAMMY'S ASSISTANTS BREAK IN AND — — —

AS NADIR BASHES THE LIGHT OUT, THE RENEGADE BLAZES AWAY WITH HIS GUN —

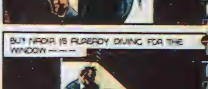
HIS SHOTS ARE WILD AND NADIR DROPS HIM WITH DEADLY AIM — —

THE OTHERS SURGE TO THE DOOR, BUT NADIR HAS THE ADVANTAGE OF THE DARKNESS —

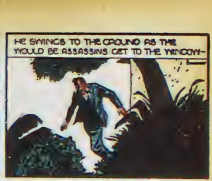
HE DRIVES THEM BACK BY JABBING SHOTS AT THE DOORWAY —

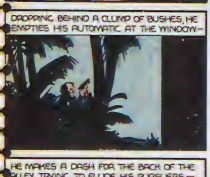
COME ON MEN— RUSH HIM!— HIS GUN'S EMPTY!

BUT NADIR IS ALREADY DIVING FOR THE WINDOW — —

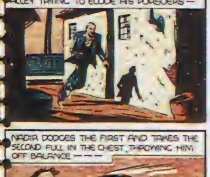


BULLETS WHIZ PAST HIM AS HE GRABS FOR A BRANCH OF A TREE OUTSIDE ——


HE SWINGS TO THE GROUND AS TWO WOULD BE ASSASSINS GET TO THE WINDOW—


DROPPING BEHIND A CLUMP OF BUSHES, HE EMPTIES HIS AUTOMATIC AT THE WINDOW—

WILD SCREAMS OF PAIN TELL THAT HIS SHOTS ARE TRUE ——


HE MAKES A DASH FOR THE BACK OF THE ALLEY TRYING TO ELUDE HIS PURSUERS —

BUT AS HE NEARS THE END, TWO DARK FIGURES LOOM UP AHEAD OF HIM ——

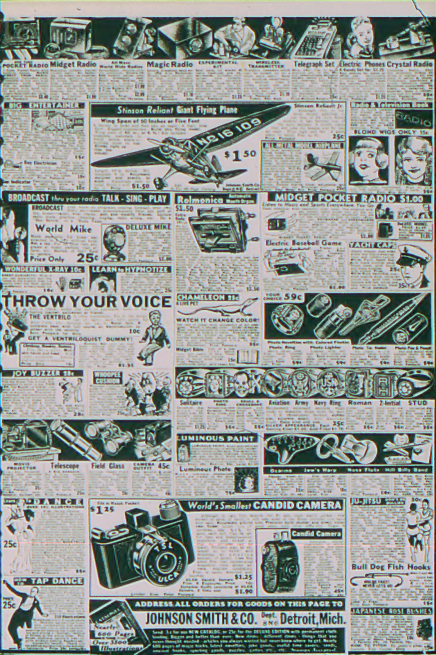
NADIA DODGES THE FIRST AND TAKES THE SECOND FULL IN THE CHEST, THROWING HIM OFF BALANCE ———

HE NO SOONER DISPOSES OF ONE, THAN THE OTHER IS DIVING AT HIM WITH A KNIFE SLASHING WILDLY —

BUT NADIA GRABS HIS ARM AND WITH A JU JUTSU TWIST——
-HURLS HIM OVER HIS HEAD——
-TO LAND IN A SPRAWLED HEAP ON TOP OF THE OTHER CUTTHROAT—
TAXI, TAKE ME TO THE AIRPORT- STEP ON IT——
THEY'RE FOLLOWING ME-HERE-TAKE THIS AND LOSE THOSE MUGS THAT ARE TAILING US!
FOR THAT DOUGH I'D LOSE ME OWN SHADOW—
THE TAXI RACES THROUGH THE WINDING STREETS AND DARK ALLEYS TRYING TO SHAKE THE PURSUERS——
BUT TWO CARS MANNED BY SAWYN AND HIS FOLLOWERS ARE HOT ON THE TRAIL—
ONE CAR BRANCHES OFF AND THEN CUTS BACK THRU SIDE STREETS AND NADIA IS BOTTLED UP——
3

SCRAM, BUDDY, AND BRING THE POLICE / THERE'S GOING TO BE A WAR RIGHT HERE !!!
AS THE DRIVER RUNS FOR FREEDOM, NADIA OPENS FIRE TO COVER HIS TRAIL —
THE BANDITS BLAZE AWAY, AND IT LOOKS BAD FOR NADIA —
BUT THE CHASE AND THE FIRING HAVE ATTRACTED THE POLICE —
IN SHORT ORDER THEY HAVE THE MOBSTERS IN HAND —
IN THE MEANTIME NADIA HAS DONE A FADE OUT AND REACHED THE AIRPORT —
LET'S GO, RACQUEL I'VE FINALLY GOT IT —
GOOD, SIR THOMAS WILL BE PROUD OF YOU-
TWO DAYS LATER NADIA DELIVERS THE PEARL TO HIS FRIEND SIR THOMAS ELLSWORTH —
NADIA, ONLY YOU COULD HAVE DONE THIS - I AM ETERNALLY GRATEFUL —
IT WAS A PLEASURE, SIR THOMAS-
THE END.

GOOFO THE GREAT
BY ALGER
NOTICE ALL THE COPS AROUND? THIS IS A VERY BAD DISTRICT
WELL, S'LONG HERE'S WHERE I GOTTA TURN IN
TOWN HALL EAST LYNNE
STICK 'EM UP!
WHERE'S TH' FIRE?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